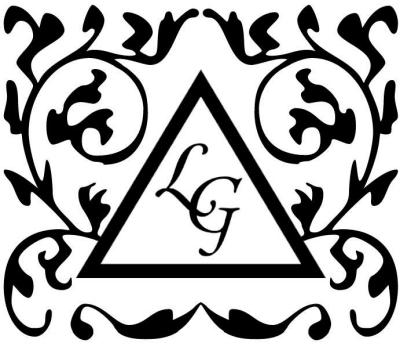
THE DAILY DARKIN

Volume III

THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranaciónal Consortium of
Goofiíst Associates.
Volume III.

Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of True and Faithful Reports.



Edited by Sn. Sherm.

MM. XX. III.

CAPITVLORVM OMNIVM QVAE IN HOC OPERE CONTINENTVR ELENCHVS.

THE PREFACE OF the third volume of Daily Darkin. By the I.C.G.A. 1
Internet Mugging—How? By Sn. Sherm, Sn. SAP and The Prophet. 2
An Advertisement. 7
On Interrogation. By The Prophet, T. Apostrof, Sn. Hrodebert & Sn. SAP. 8
Drink Belly Juice. By Sn. SAP and the influential Wackie "Windmill" Williams. 15
The Darkins of Sn. Rubracucullo. An infrasyndicated comic-strip. By the I.C.G.A. 19
On the Enigmatic Virtues and Qualities of Hand-to-Hand-Combat Between Women. By Sn. Hrodebert. 20
Dë Smól Synod On dá Silver Globe. By Sn. Sherm. 23
The Muscular Thief. By Sn. SAP. 29
A Dedicatory Composition. By Atman Halal. 33

PRÆFATIO

AD VOLVMEN TERTIVM DE DAILY DARKIN.

"Come on dawg, I've only got darkness in my pockets.
You don't believe me? Go on, close your eyes.
What do you hear?"

—The GĪGA

DIVERSE INFLUENCES HAVE set themselves—as causes—upon this, the very third volume of the titular *Daily Darkin.* A veritable enkatology[1] of mind and method is prepared for those willing to close their eyes and listen.

Along wiṭ ḍis a more advanced typographical style will also be employed, as to constrain the powá[2] of the third volume into future and past manifestación. For it is said that all truth is machine, and that all scholáship is movement.

In a certain way we have traveled to the black village where the daürkest wizards live,[3] for when one does not follow the Quadirectional *flesh compass*, ḍat same nigga is indeed certain to witness the unlit essences, bejeweled wiṭ wisdom.

1. *The study of abandoned houses.*

2. *See: The First Goofiest Infranational, The Goofiest Manifesto.*

3. *Ἀνατολή* [?]

INTERNET MUGGING—HOW?

BEING A COLLECTION OF SEVERAL METHODS

Concerning the application of Daürkness towards monetary gain in the field of activity of the Terror Machine. By Sn. Sherm, Sn. SAP and The Prophet.

The nature, virtue, and definition of Mugging. Caput primum.

The question is: Is it possible to mug people on dë compuṭá? Befó ḍis can be explored, the virtue of *mugging* muſt be defined, as to diſtinguish our aims. And furthermore, the reader may be assured that we do not speak from theory alone, several Goofiíſt Associates[1] have been on both ends of this special activity, and among them none have experienced the same natural operation preformed on the *internet.* Immediately there is a clear and diſtinct separation of ḍis-what-we-speak-of, and ṭings such as the *scam* and the *blackmail.*

We will provide a definition then: *Mugging is the quick and expedient act of procuring valuables via the immediate use of violence or the threat thereof.*

There, we have defined it, we some sort of scholás. And now that this necessity is done with, we will go on to show several methods of engaging in this activity.

1. *This allegation is not an approval or condemnation of criminality. These are left up to the Unknowable Inſtitution.*

The first method, known as the Pseudo-Goëtia, or Mugging by the means of superstition. Caput II.

We are not in the position to liberally condone acts of violence.[2] However, this method is violent only insofar as it is violently superstitious, and nothing more.

The method consist of threatening people with sorcerers curses if they do not deposit whatever amount of money into your service of choice.

Picking the right target is pivotal for this method, depending on their orientations in this world, simply posting a picture of an Omani dagger may be enough to frighten them into capitulating their monetary resources.

Sufferiń is like one of the fourteen elements, it's presence in the future is always assured, though its source mystified. Because of this, the psychological priming of your threat will impress upon the imagination of the target and work wonders. For as that famous man and Doctor of both Laws, Henry Cornelius Agrippa wrote in he youth:

> Fiūt autem ligationes huiuſmodi per ueneficia, per collyria, unguēta, potiones ſiue philtra, per alligationes et ſuſpenſiones, per annulos, per faſcinationes, per fortes imagionationes et animi exceſſus, per imagines et characteres, per incāntationes et imprecationes, per lumina, per ſonos, per numeros, per uerba et nomina, inuocationes, ſacrificia, adiurationes, exorciſmata, conſecrationes, deuotiōes, perq̄; uarias ſupſtitiones et obſeruatiōes, horq̄; ſimilia.

N.B. It is said that if something is repeated upon ten people, that on one or two of them—it will have special effects, and do nothing to the others. This is probably true for this method also, so it remains a question of number and persistence. For the virtue of this method lies in its simplicity, it is not difficult to preform it on occasion, several times a day, and with the right target and spoffordic influence,—a

2. *There still states out there that been wise enough to criminally sanction sorcery. So make sure you get caught in a country that doesn't have cameras. Like, you can throw my body in chains, but you can't steal my soul... We fought a war over dis, dawg. You know, some people ask me why I wear handcuffs wherever I go; it's so I never forget the people who are still out there in bondage...*

ſteady ſtream of money will find its way to you. But it is good not to ask for great amounts, ḍis make the æ-ni-mal soul more pliable towards your ends. However, if a victim who was at firſt "unaffected" returns to you and demands that you take way ḍat wassá-wassá from their head, then you may increase the amount, for as the *amaZulu* greet their elders: Esába,—they are afraid.

The second method, being the use of confusion and the leveraging of moral panic Caput III.[3]

Pull up on some sort of live-video feed—being duly masked in some way—and produce a firearm. Prove that the gun works, put the gun againſt your head and demand payment. It is important to make no reference to the fact that you are putting yourself in danger, rather, act as if it is the other way around. A supreme delusion muſt be projected, as if you are threatening them, unaware that you are in fact threatening yourself.

The same statistical phenomenon which appeared in the first method also applies here, however, the activity is slightly more involved and requires more resources.

The third method, being and advanced form of the second method Caput IV.

It is the same as the former method, however, it is more powerful, yet it requires several virtues, viz.—bravery, morality, ſteadfaſtness, prudence, virtue, polarity, sentimentality, and so on.

Like in the previous method, pull up on the video-feed and prove that the gun works, at the point, reveal a sympathetic æ-ni-mal, such as a dog, and point the gun at it.

When the desired shock and outrage is produced,—demand payment while chaſtising the people, accuse them of being "æ-ni-mal abusers" and such ṭings. Say onto them the following: "Look at ḍis innocent animal! You wanna see it

3. *This method and its derivatives have been utilized by criminal academicians to great success againſt utilitarians [animals] as exemplified in the case of the the dark-mugging of Jeremy Bentham.*

die, you sick fuck? You're an... Well, you're not an animal, yeah... You hate animals, which, like, makes you less than an animal, yeah, that's right. You some sort of microbial entity, a virus, like, get out of my computer nigga. Imá call PETA on you!"—At this point pick up a phone—"Hello, mam, mam, this man has a gun to my dog's head! How do I convince him not to shoot my dog!? Oh, what? Give him five dollars? Okay, thank you for the advice."

The fourth method, being the use of Mystery and Terror Caput V.

This method involves threatening people by saying that you will show them an image which has wonderful properties, i.e. something so indescribable and terrifying that their life will be made worse, or perhaps unlivable if they are to be exposed to it.

You should tell them: "You don't wanna see dis mane... I can't explain it to you, but, like, you gonna be *changed*... You gonna be *mutated,* no longer human brúh... Das a good book,—never read it, but we not here to talk about books, I'm here to talk about your *soul.*"[4]

You must keep everything entirely mysterious, if asked if you have seen the image, either be silent or say that you have not, but that you have shown it to others to great effect. It is even possible to acquire lackeys which can also manifest on the video-feed. We recommend you acquire the ugliest niggas at your disposal for this purpose, and when they appear, claim tings such has: "You see him? He didn't used to look like dis, but then he saw the image..." Make sure the accomplice begins weeping after this.[5]

If possible, make them afraid of images in general, quote various sages, for example: I personally stay away from images, and image producing paraphernalia, such as: cameras... Shit man. You know. Like, cameras, artists, yeah I seen these niggas, they pull up by the docks, they sit

4. *This is a lie, the material soul is an impossibly rare occurrence, we speak here only poetically.*

5. *Weeping silently, thug-tears.*

tourists down and capture they souls on paper. Paper man! Can you believe this shit! Stay away from paper, unless it's money, but still wash yo hands dawg, that shit is dirty, you don't know what that man used that paper for, he could have bought very dirty tings... I stay away from mirrors. Mirrors of all kinds, ḍas image, you might say ḍas a reflection, but you'd be wrong. Anyways... Textual description of people, ḍas an image, ḍas in your head, make head heavy, head fall down, not good... My cousin died like this, fell into the sea headfirst. He saw shit down there no man should see, good ṭing God wasn't tryná mug him..."

The fifth method, being the merger of twofold realities Caput VI.

Livestream yourself threatening to mug people unless you get paid the exact amount that you were trying to mug for, this includes: Watches, library cards, driving licenses, we stealiń identities in a fiscally responsible way. By this we mean, we take no: Debit cards, credit cards, visas, train tickets, bus cards, school cards, eh... We'll take the school cards, there's no money in there, they clean... We mugging books, notebooks, papers, hold on,—there better not be no doodles on that shit...

This method is likely the most powerful and miraculous out of all the ones listed so far. For if the internet mugging fails, the only consequence is actual mugging and not wasted time, for as it is said: The man who wastes time, is also wasted by time. Or more obscurely: The sun bad not yet risen. I see insects in the grass brúh... With words and pharisees mane...

AN ADVERTISEMENT *for* Selected Goofiíst Poetry.

Being a curated collección of several Poems from the Goofiíst Corpus, now fully orated and shined. Edited by Sn. Sherm. Sound Design by Sn. SAP & Alhanat. Works by various I.C.G.A. Associates.

Located here:

https://icga.bandcamp.com/album/selected-goofi-st-poetry

MM. XX. III.

ON INTERROGATION.

OR: THE GOOFIÍST TORTURE MANUAL.

Devised according to the determination of
the Schizophrenic Mode of Production.
Containing true and tested means
of brain-breaking schemes.

By The Prophet, Tacitus Apostrof,
Sn. Hrodebert[a] & Sn. SAP.

a. *Sainted for spreading I.C.G.A. propaganda in institutions and beating a man with a hammer. Among other things. Quoted as saying: "I knew I would never be punished for this, like some sort of white wraith. By all ancient rights I was in the right, but only Christ says I am wrong, and I accept this."*

The necessity of a new method of torture; Introduction. Caput primum.

The advances in the art of leveraging the innate substance of suffering and confusion towards the end of the acquisition of information, compliance, or whatever else,—has entered a proverbial daürk age. A return to barbarism, insofar as it is a lack of efficiency and skill which gives way to the passions of an enlarged animal soul. This need not be proved formally, for in the contemporary age of—what can be called—*advanced informal warfare,* the necessity for a new method of interrogation becomes a necessity which is verified by this very production.

It is indeed true, as the obscure texts say: *The fear of fire whose fuel is men and stones* is the grand aim of the torturer,

However, there is no need to attempt and reinvent the breaking-wheel, we need only to meditate upon the substance of suffering and confusion as to best utilize these virtues. For the histories show us many great and known names of those who have pondered these virtues: Hegesias of Cyrene, Se-dtha-tha, ʿAlī ibn Abī Ṭālib, (renowned for his use of fire,) Jesus the Christ, who was famously tortured by the Judeo-Roman clique, the entirety of the ancient Assyrian population, and so on.

Upon close reflexión and the determinación of the Very Ṭing Itself,—we have been made aware of several special means of making the soul gasp. However, we produce nothing new here[1] for the technologies of torture and interrogation have marinated in history for a long time, and as we all must understand, history does not repeat, nor does rhyme, it has CTE, for it has been battered and concussed by its own agents. Weep reader, weep for history. But be glad, for un-Quaded schemes lay here before your fingertips, most useful and indeed expedient.

1. *We have here contradicted ourselves, as to make the reader feel better.*

It must be understood that some of the methods which we are set to present here, exist in theory alone, while others have been utilized to great effect in various circumstances. Which ones have actually been used and which ones have not, we leave to to ingenium of the reader to discover, and perhaps expand, but let doubt flee, nigga, and let the mind engage in the greater cousin of the philosophies, viz.—*Epimonosophy*[2] for wisdom is reached only by those who go far enough, and never by those whose blood becomes engrossed with sleepiness, thus indicating a most Quaded depletion of powá.

2. *Dis a Persian word.*

It is true that this is a special text, for where else can there be located such subtle means? How self-simple and lacking the need for ruminating psychologicality or the study of the nerves it is? Indeed, these diverse means are designed to utilize the simplest of available material and

can even be preformed to cause into motion the desired results while under the scrutiny of forces which directly seek to oppose such conclusions.

Several of the methods, in no particular order. Caput II.

We recommend that the interrogator eat certain foods while engaging in these methods. Why dis? There exists a secret mammalian response, an atavism which has been underutilized in various fields. It is involuntary and undeniable, it grants perceived powá. For do not the primitive nerves say: "If man eat food, he safe, if he safe, he strong," and: "How come he eat in dangerous situation, it must mean he *can* do it without concern." This is of the utmost importance in the establishment of *rapport*. For as the pre-ancients knew: The smól obeys the Big on all levels of being.[3]

3. *Impossibly many sages testify to this.*

We recommend a sandwich, or maybe a jar of olives. These should be offered to the victim at opportune times, "Hey, you want a bite?" or "You want an olive mane, I got a lot of olives dawg." Make sure to speak with your mouth full also, this is very important.

Some say that cigarettes can achieve the same aim, but we have discovered that their use is lesser than the aforementioned, though not without purpose, as we might soon see. Here is a good method involving a pistol:

While in the presence of the victim, produce a pistol.
Stare at them with the special glance and rack the slide.
Keep racking the slide and ejecting bullets.
Loudly say random numbers, this will confuse them.
You will however keep the actual count in your head.
When the gun is empty, put the gun in your mouth.
Pull the trigger and walk out of the room.
Alternately, act confounded and say something like:
"Who's gonna pick up all these bullets!?"

Pick up the bullets and load them into the magazine.
Now repeat the process at your leisure.

My nephew came up with this method:[4]

Gradually stuff styrofoam and other packing material
under your clothes, over the course of several days.
When the captives see you become larger due to
apparently miraculous causes, this will put fear in them.

If you are able, you can utilize the following method by acquiring a CA-50 Chromatic Tuner by the KORG Corporation. The method is as follows:

Keep the device hidden in your pocket.
When you approach the victim, activate the device.
As the device beeps, open your mouth.
It will appear as if the beep emanates therefrom.
After some time, stop, and leave the room.

Here is a method involving cigarettes:

Spill water on yourself in such a way that you
moisten and thus put out a cigarette that
you have been smoking. Pretend to be
very upset about this, and then light another one.
You may repeat the same water trick again.

This is a very good method:

Speak about *triangulation* to the victim, in the most
occulted and wedged way possible. Tell them
that you will be able to "know where you should be
by using triangles."

In the case of there being several subjects of interrogation, the following method can produce incredible effects:

Line up the victims and raise your rifle.
Ask them "Who among you speaks English?"
It does not matter if you or they can speak it.
It only matters that you say these words.
Whatever they say, pick one of them.
They will be the "Translator."
Begin reciting some sort of poetry or formula.

4. *HELLO!—I'm so proud of him. I'm going to buy him one of those X-Boxes for labor day.*

If the victim does not even pretend to be translating:
Beat them with the rifle until they begin doing so.
When you believe you have achieved your aim,
Put the rifle away and begin clapping.
Do so until all the subjects mimic you.
This is assured to happen.

In the case of food being used in special, here is such a way:
Point your rifle at a victim, put the rifle away quickly.
Bring out the food (one of the aforementioned.)
Begin tempting one prisoner with it.
Promise him the food if he attacks his fellow captive.
He refuse? Goad him again by throwing toothpicks.
You may make a game out of this to pass the time.
For example: Trying to stick one in their skin or clothes.
The combination of at first threatening them
But then offering them sustinance,—
is one of the oldest pimp tricks.
A most potent method of confusion-magic
And that of applied agnosticism.

Here is a technological method. If you have a phone with you, you may use this one:
Take out your mobile device, i.e. the hand-computá
and put this engine of depravity to good use.
Pick a random page on Wikipedia the Free Encyclopedia.
Show this to only one of the captives.
Make him play a game of charades with the others.
Promise rewards, such as food, drink, or cigarettes.
While they are still playing, begin consuming these items.

In the case of anthropological exploitability, this method is certain and without doubt:
Discover the religious affiliation of the captives.
Find a physical copy of the holy book thereof.
Feign interest in learning more about this.
You will especially be eating a sandwich
or some food involving bread.

Show great enthusiasm and textual analysis.
Pick and focus on specific passages.
The more controversial, the better.
At the height of intrigue or tension
You will attempt to put mustard on your food.
Of course, you will drip some of it on the book.
Smear it into the pages under the pretense of
attempting to clean the mustard off.
Say: "Oh, oops, shit, I'm sorry man."
And: "Hold on, let me get this mustard off here."
Or perhaps "Damn, there I go again."
You must speak while still chewing the food.
Begin asking inane and simple questions.
When the captive begins to show signs of aggression
and irritation, accuse him of "Extremism" and
"Fundamentalism." At this point you will
forcefully assume the role of the teacher, as you
have assumed the role of the student so far.
Engage in a sort of moral superiority, and
quote their own scripture at them, while
ignoring the continuity of all up until then.
When they are properly shamed, you must leave the
room, shaking your head like a disappointing father.

This is a perfect method, we hear that diverse powerful men have used it with great success.

Prepare boiled rice. N.B. do not rinse it beforehand.
Present the bowl to the captives.
Say that you have painted one of these grains white.
In fact, you should actually do this,
So that you may have truth on your side.
If you did not have any paint, and had to lie,
It's okay, you can repent later.
Inevitably, one of the captives will lie,
Claiming that they have found the painted grain.
At this point you will make a revelation:

The real grain was under your tongue the whole time.
If they protest, say that you never said it was in the bowl.
If one guessed that it is under your tongue,
You may simply swallow it. So do not use toxic paint,
or be prepared to suffer some sort of lead poisoning.[5]

This could be called the "method of giants" or "the method that never fails." If in your duties you are pestered by Blood-Christians or the Blood-Moon Brothers.[6] You can apply some of the same abilities on them also, as to prevent them from bothering you in your tasks. Here are some examples:

Annoy them by eating food and talking.
Make sure to get breadcrumbs all over their
Documents, warrants, and various charges.[7]

If you are harassed by so-called peace-keepers, you will apply this technique, it always works:

Cigarette in one hand and food in the other,
While munching loudly on your food
in between words, you will say this to them:
"Hey, so you're peace-keepers huh?
Where do you keep this 'peace,' eh?"
Start nudging them with your elbow
as you laugh loudly, and take hits off the cigarette.

Various mixtures of these methods may be made, however, the discovered special mechanisms remain. They may appear strange to those who do not think things through, but we assure you, these are the skillful means which break the spine of the spirit.

5. *A worthy sacrifice.*

6. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/International_Red_Cross_and_Red_Crescent_Movement*

7. *Honestly, we do not know, just bribe them or something, these men have no honor.*

DRINK BELLY JUICE.

A DIDACTIC POEM OF MODERATE MYstery, concerning the Ethical, Chemycal, and the Affectological. Produced by Sn. SAP and the influential Wackie "Windmill" Williams.

DRANK BELLY JUICE! *Drank belly juice!*
Drank belly juice! Drank belly juice!
The hoochie-coochie ain't kickiń,
so I got no regrets.
Makiń love to a booty shaped like the
colossus.
Drank belly juice! Drank belly juice!
My mind is on my lunch date.
I told her I ain't believe in monogamy; drank belly juice!
Don't know if she's a virgin, well, I'm just giviń her time.
Don't want her... Losing focus!
Got a lot to learn about how to love!
Got a mind that knows no limits!
We still inside when we see:
Drank belly juice! Drank belly juice!
Drank belly juice!—Belly juice!
Well, I don't know what they do at your place!
Don't know if they wash your sheets,
But it ain't got nothiń to do with lōve!
Drank belly juice!

XVI. DRINK BELLY JUICE.

Don't know what they do at your place.
If they do, they need help in the bathroom.
But it ain't got nothiń to do with love!
Drank belly juice!
Don't know what they do at your place
But it ain't got nothiń to do with love!
Drink belly juice!
Pussy drink belly juice,
Tummy drink belly juice,
Butts drink belly juice,
Mouth drink belly juice,
Beer drink belly juice,
Wine drink belly juice,
Sweet tea drink belly juice,
Kahlua drink belly juice,
Whiskey drink belly juice,
Crack drink belly juice,
Drink belly juice!
Freebase drink belly juice
Crystal meth. Drink belly juice,
Heroin. Drink belly juice,
Toenail fungus. Drink belly juice,
Penis enlargement crème, Drink belly juice!
Rectal thermometer...
Oh, and don't get me started on libido!
Kids, this is what it's really all about:
You are a man, and have not truly,
Drunkenly worshiped the demoness
Who dwells within-what-we-like-to-call "your dick,"
you are dead.
If you are a man,
And you have not slept with every woman you have ever met,
You are a man who has no soul!
If you are a woman,

And you have not feasted your eyes on every piece
of attractive ass That has ever walked past,
You are less than a woman.
If you are a woman,
And you have not lusted after every strumpet you have
ever seen,
You are less than a woman.
If you are a man,
And you have not been, or aspired to be:
A black jackass,
A caber tosser,
An electrician,
A dishwasher,
A door bell usher,
A faggot,
A boï or a bum
Or anything, that falls under the definition of "That Man,"
You are more than a man.
But if you are a woman
And you have not been,
As we used to say back in the day:
"That tired ho" or "that tramp"
Or "that skirt" or "that liquor,"
You are less than a woman.
If you are a man,
And you have not used your mind,
Learned new tricks,
Lifted a few more weights,
You are less than a man.
If you are a woman,
And you have not used your brain,
Learned new tricks, lifted a few more weights,
Painted the town the color of your own pussy,
You are less than a woman.
So drink up, man. Drink. Drink. Drink!

XVIII. DRINK BELLY JUICE.

Drink some more!
All that way down to that bottom,
Down to that place where the good stuff lives!
Down to that place where all your stars run around like mice
Down to that place where you stole little Betsy
from a blind pig
Up the giant gangly ape.
And she'll always be mine, and I know she loves me,
And she'll always be mine, and I know she loves me,
And she'll always be mine
Down to that place where your dick gets bigger
And more erect and more thirsty,
Down to that place where you find me a new home,
And the neighbors get a view of my dick.
Down to that place...
And the deaf, dumb and blind see me,
And I'll see you,
And the Satan in me can finally get to work.
And my dick will go over the moon,
And then I'll go to her and she'll love me,
And she'll love me, and she'll love me, and
she'll love me,
And she'll love me! Down to the point of release,
Down to the point of oblivion,
Down to that place where the Devil stops her,
And I smile in pure bliss, while she cums on my dick,
And I smile in pure bliss, while she cums on my dick!
And I smile in pure bliss, while she cums on my dick!
And I smile in pure bliss...
Towards that elusive destination where the soul is free,
And where we can finally be what we truly are,
Or more or less, whatever we like.
Stop thinking with your dick! Think with your mind!
Now then.... Always follow my advice, that's all I ask.
You want some advice? Read it here!...

THE DARKINS

of

Sn. Rubracucullo.

An Infrasyndicated
Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode III.

"Sn. Rubracucullo is Accosted by a Foolish Merchant."

The Subtle Tongue.
A Poem.

There is a secret sequence of special sounds,
That makes men suffer and shiver in their gowns.
He snuck into their homes, no mercy was shown,
Into his familial crypt—their bodies were thrown.
Vain prattlers do fill this tomb:
Merchants and princes, bloated and blue.
For upon vain words they were reliant,
Now they learn the virtues of the silent.

By Tacitus Apostrof, Sn. SAP,
and The Prophet.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE COMIC-STRIP:

What did he say
to him?

ON THE ENIGMATIC

VIRTUES AND QUALITIES OF HAND-TO--hand combat between women. By Sn. Hrodebert. Scribed, edited and annotated by Someone.

THE NIGGA-DEMON-DOG that haunts the world-soul barks in the daürkness yet again. Why do Æritræns[1] and white crack-whores seem willing to beat the I.Q. off of each other for Caucasian men? I'm not saying this good, I'm just saying this is a thing that happens: Discovery Channel, Animal Planet, Shark Week, National Geographic... Yeah, we basically saying the same thing.

1. *No relation.*

Professional women-fighting does not exist.[2] Fighting is a social posturing based on something that doesn't exist in the strength dialectic, as far as women are concerned.

2. *It appears to always become a sort of spectacle fighting, especially in the informal form it takes, which further sheds light upon these mysteries.*

Female fighters are caught in a dynamic, they are almost always coached by men. Professional female fighting exists in a world that is attempting to be divorced from men, but also meant to interest men, it's a perversion, a perversion of sport. I talked to a physics professor, he was an effeminate nerd, he's a very intelligent man, however, when we talked about mixed-martial-arts he could only recall one female fighter, famous at the time, but also renowned within the sport for these very same training problems. Try to remem-

ber any professional fight between women, the over-exaggerated bouncing-in-place that they almoſt universally do is a result of men not knowing how to coach women. It is not a financially viable sport for males, and females are worse at it. Women fight to an absurd point, but they get up, this is not true for male competition, they hit each other to the point where they can't ſtand, but they ſtill want to. Fundamentally moſt women ſtand up after a fight.

Women rarely get knocked out in *ſtreet fights,* even with *weave control* in funcſtion,—eſtablishing a grip on your opponents hair is a fundamental principle in informal female fighting[3]—a knockout is an incredibly rare event, it is unique to the experience of female fighting.

3. *world-ſtarhiphop.com*

Professional fighting is one of the rare places you can see women knocking each other out, you can be deluded into a ſpace where you ask yourself: "Do men even get knocked out or do they juſt give up." But you can get into a fight and be like: "Yeah, I'm seeing ſtars." Women never see ſtars, there is ſomething that fundamentally disconnecſts them.

There are videos of women[4] caught in a *weave-control death ſpiral* involving weapons ſuch as brass knuckles, which—ſeemingly by miracle—results in no knockout. Their lower power yield prolongs the fights into a ſtate of enduring brutality, they ſeem to be very tough but have lower power. This leads to a lot of ſituations where there is no conclusion to a fight.

4. *I've ſeen dis.*

Street fighting has rules, you can watch duels with knives in South America. When they are *publicly diſplayed,*[5] fights with knives and machetes follow unſpoken rules. A private ſtruggle-to-the-death is different, you grab a man's corn rows and you beat him on the ſide of his face, you could probably kill him if you wanted to.

5. *The affecſto-logical projec-ſtion of poten-ſtial ſhame which is not in funcſtion in fe-male-on-fe-male fights.*

The thing about women-fights, in non-professional ſcenarios, is that women don't care about rules. Eſtablishing weave control is juſt a way of eſtablishing *cheating,* ghetto

women [in special] establish weave control because this is how their world works. If a woman has to fight another woman,—they cheat. The natural woman is punished because ultimately she is truly the only one upon who weave control can be established. The shaven-head sub-equatorial can simply have her weave be *snatched,* granting her her immunity from this universal stratagem.[6]

6. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Autotomy*

Low impulse control in these ratchet scuffles is expected for both genders, however, there is a difference in ethical strata; what is ethically allowed between the two is completely different. For example, the notion of not being allowed to go to the ground in a fight between males, the crowd will make them get up. In a female fight everyone just starts brawling, nobody cares if they get on the ground. The fight remains a sort of spectacle, the crowd is not trying to see who the better or more honorable fighter is, they are witness only to the wiliń of the scenario.

However, maybe it is an honorable way to fight in *that world,* but there is no crossover to the male sphere.

DË SMÓL SYNOD ON DÁ

SILVER GLOBE. BEING A REASONABLY sized narrative, written in Demi-Bordigois. By Sn. Sherm.

Dëre was an ascetic monk existiń near St. Petersburg some several years ago. Dis ascetic was tormented daily by a demōn of unknown origin. Dë demōn would come to him and dark on him when he needed it least, but would also shine on him when he needed it dë most. In dis way, dë demōn sought to damn dë ascetic to eternal hellfire.

One day dë ascetic went out to get some watṭá from a nearby ſtream. Demōn come to him, he manifeſt in dë smól rīvá.

"Why dis, why you again?" Said dë Monk.

"Oh no! Don't sip me nigga! Please!" Replied dë demōn.

"I will drink, and dat will be dë end of you!"

"No nigga, please, don't drink me!"

Dë ascetic get down on he knees and sip dá rīvá. He sip dá rīvá for three days, he don't ſtop.

When dë rīvá gone dry, dë monk get up and say:

"Where are you now devil? You are nowhere to be seen!"

Monk cross he self and go to he smól hermitage.

It will was is night, and he try to sleep: He try lay on front,—it don't work, he belly too extended. He try lay on back,—it don't work, he belly too heavy. He try lay on

side,—It work, and he go to sleep... Did he sleep on dë left or dë rāiṭ side?

In he dream, he pray to he heavenly paternal-agent. Big ṭing pull up on him, caſt lōng shadow. Dë monk pause he prayer sessión,—it dë demōn.

"God damn it, I have made a miſtake by drinking you, devil!"

Dë demōn open he eyes on him, and say:

"Now, now, monk, if dëre were no miſtakes, dëre would be no world!"

Dë monk don't liſten, he keep prayiń.

"Let me give you a dreamless reſt, monk. Emptiness always makes more sense, because dëre are no queſtións to be asked, no content to be pondered, no doubt to haunt you, nigga."

Dë demōn try to fool him by equating dë oneness of God wiṭ emptiness. Ḍis a very subtle flex.

Monk noſtrils flare up. He mad now.

"I can hear dë daggers of spite beiń sharpened in yó soul rāiṭ now." Dë demōn taunt him.

Dë monk escape dá snare of cognitive dissonáncé through arrogant finesse.

He sweat so much from dë ſtrain of escaping dá dream ḍat he sweat out all de watṭá in he belly.

Dë bed consumed wiṭ watṭá, how he goń sleep like ḍis? He go by dë faïa to dry heself, and he fall asleep on dë floor.

In dë morning he go chop dë faïawood. While he chop, he get tired because he old.

Man wiṭ horns come and say:

"Let me help you chop ḍis faïawood, archæomelos."

"Oh, thank you very much my son, here is dë axe."

Man wiṭ horns go and chop dë wood, while dë monk reſt.

"Hold on..." dë monk ṭink to he self.

Dë moral of ḍis part is ḍat dë monk has been played for an idiot.

"Stop trying to help me! Stop trying to help me!" He get ſtick and beat horned man wiṭ dë ſame ſtick.

"Stop beating me, nigga, let me help you, please let me help you!"

But dë monk don't liſten, he beat him wiṭ dë ſtick.

"I am doing a good deed, do not beat me wiṭ dā ſtick! Woe is me! Is dëre no juſtice in ḍis world?" Dë horned man say to dë aescetic.

It don't work though, he get chased away. Monk go back to chopping wood.

Later, he go back to he hermitage, but see people dëre.

"Waṭ ḍis?" He ask dë people.

"Sir, ḍis private property, you can not live here."

Deï say ḍis, and show him papers he is unable to read, and say words he unable to comprehend.

Deï have a ſtruggle seſſión, but dë monk got dë jump on ém. He brutalize ḍem wiṭ dá axe, and dëï go to ḍat oṭhá plaïs. (Ḍese niggas dead.)

"O! Waṭ have I done, how ammá-gonná hide ḍese bodies man!" He cry out.

He wait a while and say again:

"O! Waṭ have I done, how ammá-gonná hide ḍese bodies man!" He was expecting dë demōn to pull up and help him hide dë bodies, waṭ a hypocrite!

"Oh! Oh! Waṭ ammá-gonná-dō!" He say; he grab he bald head in some sort of anguish.

" 'Top maſṭa." Come a voice to he left ear.

"Yú beṭṭá run dawg, you juſt merced two agents of dë unknowable intëtuſión."

Dë monk ſtop and ṭink a little.

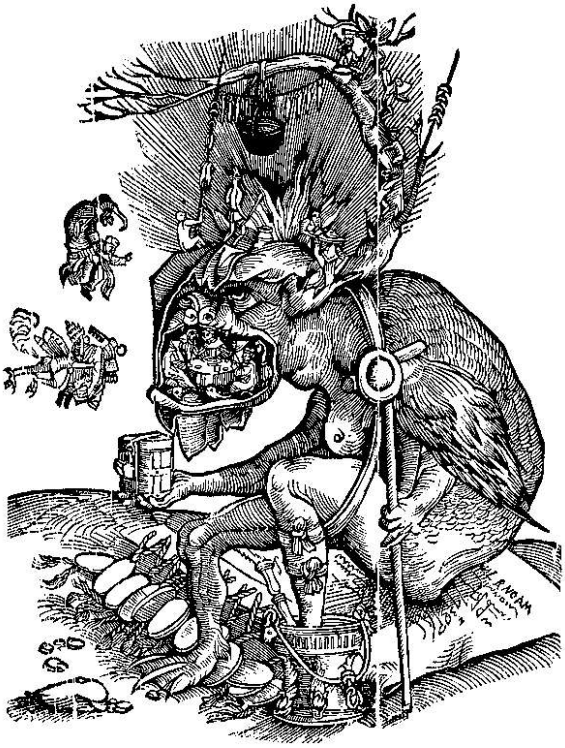
"Oh, no, no, *no!* You not tricking me ḍis time!" He say.

Dëre is was were no bodies, of course, no agents to be found. He was alone. All ḍis was an illuſión.

"Why you torment me like ḍis!" Dë monk say aloud, "why I got to be darked upon like ḍis? Why ḍis evil done

onto me turn to good, and why ḍis good done onto me turn into evil? Why ḍis? I'm juſt out here tryiná keep my soul flaccid and my feet warm. Why man who want so little... Struggle like he want so much!?" Dë monk say all ḍese words.

"Waṭ you want is not little, yë feer me?" Say a voice in he rāiṭ ear, "you want too much, ḍis why I was sent to open my eyes on you. Ṭink, nigga, How many men, ſtill-living, posses ḍis waṭ yú desire? Go on bitch, name, like, one or two."



Dë monk quiet. But dën, after ḍat-moment-of-silence, he say: "Take me to dë moon and I will tell you."

Dë demōn suck he teef ań say to dë monk:

"Dë myśtic really is a selfish creechá. He spend all he time lookiń fó dë love of God, and once he got it, he keep it all for heself!"

"I say to you, demōn! Take me up to dá moon, and I will tell yu!" Dë monk insiśt.

Dë demōn comply so he can eventually be tricked by dë monk, ḍis goń happen soon.

He take dë monk up to dá moon, deï pass ḍat zone in-between, where Jesus dë Chriśt on dë cross. Ḍeï go fardër up and touch ḍat silvery soil of dá moon.

"Alrāiṭ dën, monk, I bring yú to dë moon, now answá me."

"Can you repeat dë queśtión?" Dë monk say.

"How many men. Still-living, posses ḍis waṭ yú desire? Go on bitch, name, like, one or two."

He say ḍis, verbaṭim what he said before. Good memory!

"I will answá you rāiṭ at ḍis time, demōn." Dë monk say ḍis.

"Go on dën, go on!" Demōn get excited, fire and smoke emit from he nose.

"But wait, demōn, how am I to answá yu if dëre is no air to carry my voice?"

"What?" Dë demōn confused, scratch he head.

"We on dá moon nigga."

Dë demōn śtop and ṭink.

"Why you not suffocating dën?" He say to dë monk.

"I could ask you dë same ṭing," and he did ask him.

Demōn śtop and śtroke he sharp hairy chin. Ṭink for a long time until he say:

"Because... We... *Different,*" he say to dë monk.

Dë demōn already so enthused by ḍis new line of queśtióniń, ḍat he forgot about dë initial queśtión.

"Difference can't make men live on dë moon, demōn." Dë monk wag he fingá at him.

XXVIII. DË SMÓL SYNOD ON DÁ SILVER GLOBE.

"Difference is what makes up ḍis world, monk, difference is our secret masṭá." Dë demōn say ḍis.

"No, no, semōn, sameness is my God... and yours as well."

"Nigga did you juſt call me 'semōn'?"

"Oh, my bad man, sorry about ḍat."

Ḍeï really on dë moon by dë way, ḍis not a scam.

"We in a disagreement, cousin." Dë demōn say.

"Suppose ḍat difference not waṭ I say. Waṭ ḍen? Yú expect me to change my behaïviá? No, I would *make* difference. I would make dë sky different from dë ground, men different from æ-ni-mals, and æ-ni-mals different from, like, dë smaller ṭings. And, and I would make men different to one anodër, so ḍat dëre is no sameness between ḍem. And I would eſtrange everyting from everyṭing odër, and dëre would be noṭing, my nigga, noṭing!" Dë demōn say ḍis to dë monk.

"So we basically saying dë same ṭing, yeah?"

"What?" Dë demōn say, confused.

"And if we are then coterminous in ḍis, dën ḍis why I can breadë on dë moon."

"You got me fucked up man," dë demōn say. He depressed now, "immá be back doe." Ḍeï go back to dë erf. Monk go to he hermitage, real sleepy.

He go and lay in he ſtill waṭered bed and say to himself:

"It is beṭṭá to sleep on a moiſt bed, ḍen tá sleep on
dë moon. Verily, I have learned ḍis today
from firſt-hand experience."
He close he eyes and
fall asleep.

THE MUSCULAR THIEF,[a] OR:

THE MEANS BY WHICH EQUIPMENT FOR The purposes of gaining strength may be acquired. By Sn. S A P.

"I can give myself up to the sacred frenzy, I can have the insolence to make a full confession to mortal men that I have stolen the golden vessel of the Egyptians to make from them a tabernacle for my God far from the confines of the land of Egypt."

—Johhanes Kepler.

Introduction to the methods of the acquisition. Caput primum.

First consider the following: While you were eating Cheetos & watching the stars change colors, I was stealing[1] gym equipment. I say this not to boast- I say it to gloat. For besides reaching a goal in strength, what can match the visceral satisfaction of stealing another man's belongings?[2] Strike that; in this case you are stealing[3] something that belongs to a building (the gym). Of course, this should not be the reason you steal[4] from a

a. *Huh?*

1. *You are a criminal.*

2. *Cri-mi-nal...*

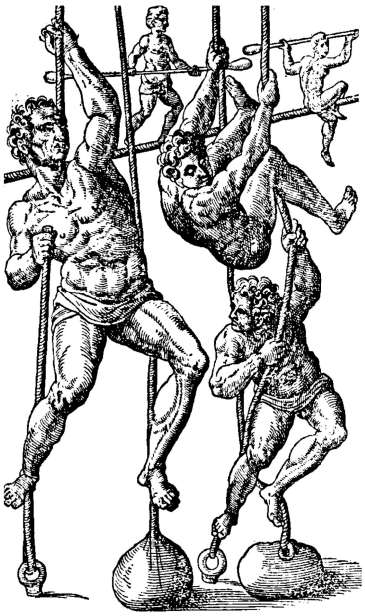
3. *Hey did you hear me?*

4. HELLO!?

gym, in fact, you shouldn't at all. But if you do, you'll need a place to put it, namely,—your own gym.[5]

I myself have stolen[6] a variety of cable attachments, TRX straps, and kettlebells,[7] which are often used as doorstops and therefore can be easily and furtively snatched.[8]

If you are a Roman nigga[9] living two thousand years (give or take a few centuries) before the writing of this article, fear not, for halteres are not difficult to steal[10] and conceal. All of these are easy to acquire, and rarely noticed, and most of them are rarely used. This makes them prime candidates for the enrichment of your own gymnasium.[11]



What if you do not have the courage to muster up such deeds? Well, nigga, I would have to conclude you are a coward. Rejoice! You will live a long life. However, if you wish to acclimate yourself to *gympsyism,* you must start small.

Once you have progressively overloaded on the first stage of thievery,[12] begin performing the aforementioned acts of minor theft:[13] Steal[14] attachments, kettlebells, 2.5 lb plates, small dumbbells, food items.

Exercising on the run,—perhaps not the most righteous, or consistent way to go about one's program, but arguably the most understable. Shit cousin, have you seen gym prices these days?

At a certain point, you will both desire and need larger

5. *Stop! In the name of a law!*

6. *Stolen!?*

7. *In the authors opinion, stealing a kettlebell should be the only way you ever acquire one.*

8. *You will be snatched... To PRISON! (because you are a criminal.)*

9. *For we do not write merely for "posterity, (How vulgar!) but for antiquity as well. We write timeless tomes, nigga, reaching into every temporal direction.*

10. *You will be put in chains.*

11. *No relation. We not learning Latin out here man.*

12. *You're just a worthless criminal.*

13. *We will defeat you using the state apparatus!*

14. *You mother gave birth to a CRIMINAL!*

equipment. Acquiring[15] such equipment without purchasing them will require far more cunning. But enough preliminaries; I have detailed a number of theft-methods,[16] presented in order of difficulty, reflecting the linear progression inherent in this undertaking.

15. *That doesn't belong to you!*

16. *YOU SHOULD GO TO PRISON!*

The various methods. Caput II.

Roma deadlifting, that is,—approach a loaded barbell that is clearly in use, and perform a deadlift on it while the man using it is waiting. He won't stop you. Likewise, if you see an unattended bottle, take a sip. It does not matter what's inside,—it's good for you, this the gym. This should be the first thing you do before you try any other methods, for if you find you lack the mettle or cunning for this, then you can safely conclude gym nomadism is not in the cards for you. Thus, failing to steal[17] actual equipment, you may at the least steal[18] the potential gains of others through these means.[19]

Serving with the iron platter, viz.—Swapping real weight plates for fake ones.[20] You do this by approaching the desk and explaining that you are a "man of some influence" and thus must use fake-weight plates to maintain this influence. When no one is looking, swap them.[21] If you are confronted, because the plates are heavy, explain that you are the first "nigga of influence" to "use weight plates that are actually heavier."

"You see," you will tell them, "Young men take solace in the fabricated idea that one as muscular as I may be as weak as them."[22]

Bar-no-witness. A similar tactic, wherein one swaps[23] desirable barbells for shoddy ones. Pull up to the target gym with your rusty, dirty barbell, and then place it next to one of the better barbells that the gym has. Produce a brown spray can and furtively apply it so that the barbell looks rusted. Then leave with the disguised one.[24] You may also

17. *You WILL go to Pirson.*

18. *I hope you don't get reformed in prison, I hope you get rebirthed.*

19. *Not only are you a CRIMINAL, you are saying crime is good!?!?*

20. *Socio-economic conditions cannot explain this level of depravity.*

21. *Where are you from? (I'm not trying to profile you though.)*

22. *So you're a liar now, huh?*

use other colorings to make the rusted barbell appear new, this however may require some artistry. Do not worry about the noises you produce, have you heard how loud gym music can get?

Jack 'em and Rack 'em. Once you have gotten used to these more impressive feats of thievery,[25] you will inevitably set your sight on the crown jewel of any gym: The squat rack. Absconding[26] with such an apparatus requires a great deal of talent and skill, but it is possible. One method is to approach the desk at the entrance whilst arraigned in the uniform of some sort of OSHA worker or ombudsman, and present yourself as such. Explain to them that they were receiving complaints about a squat rack lacking structural integrity. It is extremely helpful to have a large entourage that is similarly dressed, both because you will need help carrying the entire squat rack, and because a large host creates an air of intimidating legitimacy.

Bar-bar-ism, so called due to the savage nature of the act. A method that has no prerequisite involving cunning or stealth, instead being entirely reliant on one's strength to carry it out,—literally, as all you will need to do is clean and press a heavily loaded bar and exit the building while holding it above your head. For fear of causing harm to you, someone else, or property, no one will attempt to impose you; moreover, they will likely be too stunned by the brazenness and strength you possess.

Understand, once you take your first step down this road,
there is no turning back, because niggas will
be chasing you,
man.[27]

23. *All tings belong to God, you are stealing from God! Not only are you a theif and criminal, you are a satanist.*

24. *Criminality is not only wrong [we don't care] it's illegal.*

25. *There is nothing impressive about going to prison.*

26. *Did the Thesaurus teach you how to steal, nigga?*

27. *Good. I hope they catch you.*

A DEDICATORY COMPOSITION, COMMEMORATING THE THIRD volume of the Daily Darkin. Produced by Atman Halal.

Description and instruction. Caput primum.

THIS COMPOSICIÓN HAS been specially tailored for the *Dombra,* however, it may be played on a variety of long necked lutes featuring more than one string.

The proper performance of this musical arrangement will require some knowledge of the styles known to be used among the diverse steppe peoples of central Asia, as well as the percussive methods found in the Dinaric Alps.

It may be played at whatever tempo the swing of the affects demands from the performer, and as it is a smól piece, it is intended also to inspire improvisation in the same way such compositions are utilized in the aforedescribed tectonic sub-regions.

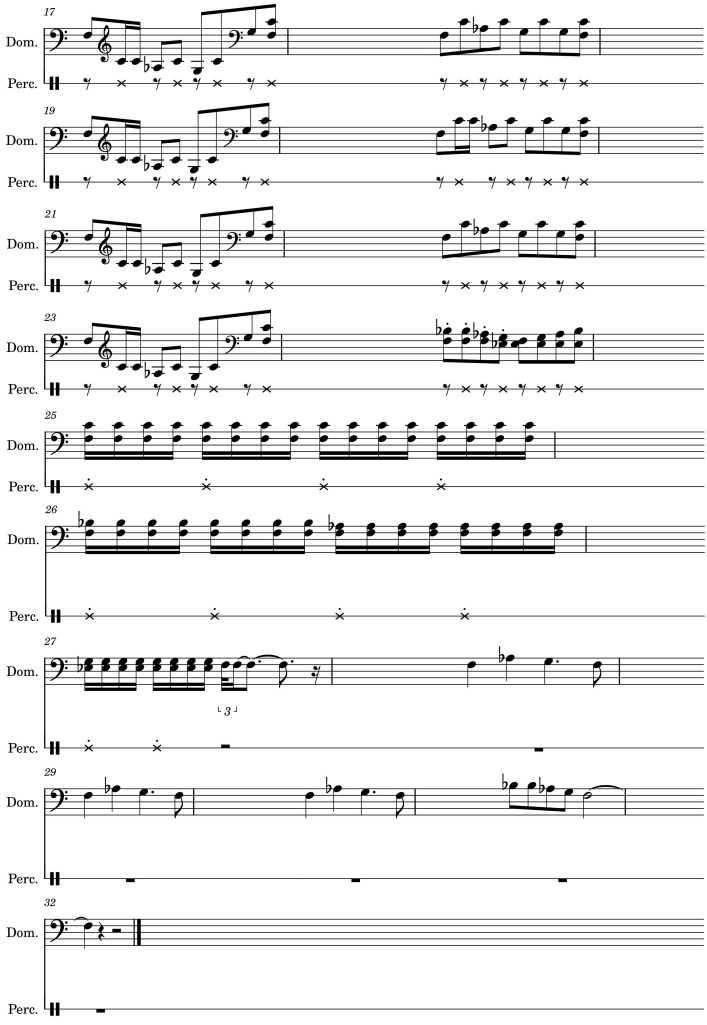
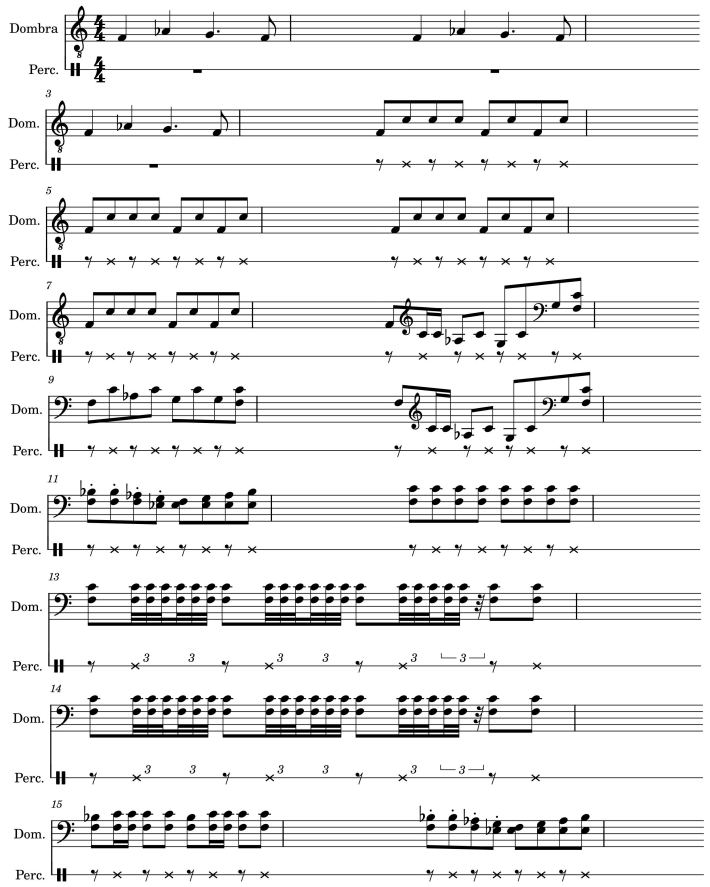
The so called *Bayat-e-kord,*—so named after that race of niggas that worship the devil Iblis—has been utilized, in a derived form, for this composition, and thus the true sound thereof requires the use of a microtone,[1] namely a half-flat.

What I usually do to solve this problem is apply a 0.7mm fishing line to my Kazakh lute,—thus creating an extra fret. This is wholly unnecessary, the half-flat barely makes a differ-

1. *Do not worry, I am not a pervert.*

ence. Indeed, the conversion to the full orientalized sound is easily possible, but here is shown a more occidental form.

Evidently I have not christened this composition, this is not because I am not a Shī'ite, or because I wish to deny it entry into the heavens, but because I really couldn't come up with a name, and there is no purpose in settling for the arbitrary, at least not in this instance.

The composition. Caput II.

Dombra
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.
Dom.
Perc.

F I N I S.

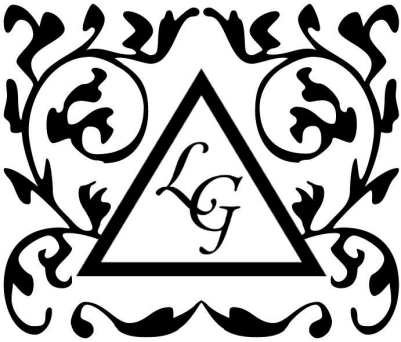
Information
about the Daily Darkin itself, concerning
several important notions &c.

Attention must be paid to the fact that although this publication bears in its name the word "daily," it is not intended to signify that a per diem publishing plan is to be expected. Rather it merely shows that this publication will be released on *a day,* whatever that day may be. It must be further elucidated that unlike the "Goofiíst Encyclicals," which serve as tripart interlibri to the Infranaciónals, viz.—the very primary codices of the Goofiíst Corpus, this publication will follow no such set path. Rather it will be a rapid and ad hoc delivery mechanism for the usual jeṣtación, though tempered by a more specific notion, that of *darkin* itself and whatever thus unfolds therefrom, and so on.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

may be located at the primary repository called
“The Infranational Consortium of Goofiíſt
Associates,”

hoſted on the archive.org.



EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.III.